Portia. Too long a pauſe for that which you finde there.

Arag. VVhat's here! the pourtrait of a blinking Ideot,
Preſenting me a Scedule: I will reade it.
How much unlike art thou to *Portia?*
How much unlike my hopes, and my deſervings?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall have as much as he deſerves.
Did I deſerve no more than a fooles head?
Is that my prize? are my deſerts no better?

Por. To offend and judge are diſtinct offices,
And of oppoſed natures. *Arrag.* VVhat is here?

The Fire ſeven times tried this,
Seven times tryed that judgement is,
That did never chooſe amiſſe:
Some there be that ſhadowes kiſſe;
Such have but a ſhadowes bliſſe.
There be fooles alive I wis,
Silver'd o're, and ſo was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, you are ſped.

Arrag. Still more foole I ſhall appeare
By the time I linger here:
With one fooles head I came to woo'e,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adiew, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my wroth.

Por. Thus hath the candle ſing'd the moath:
O theſe deliberate fooles, when they doe chooſe,
They have their wiſdome by their wit to looſe.

Ner. The ancient ſaying is no hereſie,
Hanging and wiving goes by deſtinie.

Por. Come draw the curtaine *Nerriſſa.*

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Where is my Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Meſſ. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate

A young

A young Venetian, one that co
To ſignifie th'aproaching of hi
From whom he bringeth ſenſ
To wit, (beſides commends ar
Gifts of rich value; yet I have
So likely an Embaſſadour of lo
A day in April never came ſo f
To ſhow how coſtly Summer
As this fore-ſpurrer comes bef

Portia. No more I pray the
Thou wilt ſay anone he is ſom
Thou ſpendſt ſuch high day w
Come, come, *Nerryſſa*, for I lo
Quicke *Cupids* Poſt that com

Nerriſſa. Baſſanio, Lord, *Solanio* an

Solanio. Now what newes

Salari. Why yet it lives th
ſhip of rich lading wrackt on
thinke they call the place, a ve
the carcaſſes of many a tall ſhi
Report be an honeſt woman o

Solanio. I would ſhe were
knapt Ginger, or made her nei
death of a third husband: but
lixity, or croſſing the plain high
thonio, the honeſt *Anthonio*;
keepe his name company.

Salari. Come, the full ſtop.

Solanio. Ha, what ſayeſt tho

Salari. I would it might pr

Solanio. Let me ſay Amen
prayer, for heere he comes in t
Shylocke, what newes among th

Shy. You knew, none ſo wel
ters flight.

Salari. Thats certaine, I
made the wings ſhe flew with

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